

# the NATIVE VOICE

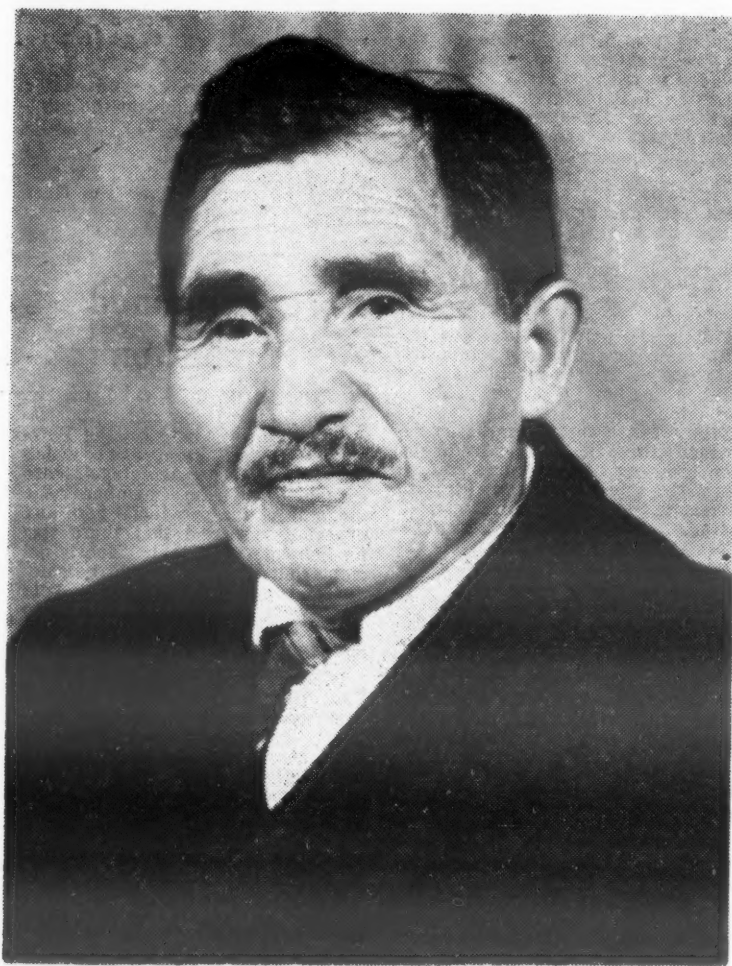
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

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VANCOUVER, B.C., APRIL, 1949

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## ★ Convention Issue ★



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### Our Host At The Convention

The heartfelt thanks of all delegates at the 19th annual convention of the Native Brotherhood go to Chief Alex Pootlass and his people for their bountiful and gracious hospitality.

The name Pootlass, as many will know, means "Plenty for All" and members who attended the 18th annual convention will remember that on that occasion Chief Pootlass made a great gesture in donating \$1,000 to the Native Brotherhood to assist in carrying on their great work of advancing the cause of the native people.

## Exercise YOUR Vote

CONVENTION NEWS PAGE 2

# 19th Annual Brotherhood Convention Pledges Unity

In 1948 the 18th annual convention of the Native Brotherhood was held at Bella Coola and these are the same people who in 1949 put aside small and big differences, who united efforts to give the Brotherhood what all termed "wonderful hospitality."

This most important meeting in 19 years highlighted three major facts—though there are keen differences there is unity in the Brotherhood—the vote has sharpened interest and brought into play the realization that a solid background can now afford a quickened tempo; and in Chief Scow's words "The Brotherhood is here to stay."

One hundred delegates represented all parts of the province, and on the invitation of the Brotherhood the Department of Indian Affairs was represented by Indian Agent Anfield of Prince Rupert; the government of British Columbia delegated Capt. John Cates, M.L.A., to represent Premier Byron I. Johnson and Henry Castillon was there to speak for Hon. Gordon Wismer, Attorney General; the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union had as their envoy, Homer Stevens.

On behalf of the Premier and Attorney General of B.C. Capt. John Cates and Henry Castillon pledged that the vote in no way lessened aboriginal rights. Auto-graphed pictures of the Premier and Attorney General with their personal good wishes were presented to The Native Brotherhood. Assurance was again given that aboriginal rights were unchanged insofar as the vote is concerned.

Most of the down-to-earth business was channelled through Indian Agent Anfield's report and through the resolutions adopted on the last day of the Convention.

One of the greatest needs shown through questions and discussions seemed to be the need for more hospitals. The delegates felt that at times there is discrimination so that native people do not always receive the same attention as their white neighbors. Almost unanimously was the opinion there are too few doctors in the outlying districts and by far too meagre supplies. Since last October 17 Kitwanga people have died. The nearest doctor to Kitwanga is 35 miles away and the nearest railroad is 15 miles.

Though one bright note in the health situation was noted by Dr. P. R. Kelly and that is that there is a 50% improvement due to the fact the question of Indian health is placed under the Department of National Health and Welfare instead as formerly under the Department of Mines and Resources.

The Babine Agency needs more schools, and medical aid is 200 miles away.

A resolution was passed that more medical aid be extended to the Chilcotin and Udkatcho people of the Anahim Lake District. They have no hospital there and the only medical service they receive is through the efforts of a nurse who rides horseback in all kinds of weather to bring them supplies. As there is little means of livelihood, disease and malnutrition are rampant. Trapping has been the main source of income but that has dropped almost to nothing; and they travel 400 to 500 miles to secure about five weeks haying. The soil is too poor for growing vegetables. The Brotherhood has been

asked by the delegates from there to come and see conditions for themselves.

The Indian Act brought forth little discussion as nothing new has been added of late. However, Mr. Anfield said his understanding from the latest report is that the new act will be placed before the forthcoming sitting of Parliament. "This revision is difficult because there is no united mind among the Indian people on the major problems that must be included in the new act. But remember the Indian Act is to be your act. Send urgent messages for speedy action. I am not asking you to be patient. I think it is time to be impatient in a wise way. Don't upset the applecart in case you can not get it back on the right track again. Remember the law office of the Department of Justice is made up of only humans."

Homer Stevens and Vincent Wells spoke graphically of how the fishermen face a year not industrially easy. There is an all time high recession in prices. This is all mixed up with the shortage of dollars, but a market must be regained through barter trade by the granting of long term credits; through a campaign to increase domestic consumption of canned salmon. Fishermen must face severe cuts in wages this year in order to compete with the 25% duty imposed by the U.S.A. into their country. There is a rise in rents and gear. Wells recommended one or two men sit in on negotiations with the Business Agent in Vancouver, as the northern difficulties differ from the southern. In the individual fisherman's interests, a united organization backing him gives secure confidence to the negotiator.

Dr. P. R. Kelly as Chairman of the Legislative Committee reported on his trip to Ottawa of a year ago. He had drawn up a special brief on the question of income tax and definitely takes the stand "there is no legal instrument which can collect taxes from Indians."

He says the picture is changed a little in regard to the Old Age Pension. This pension is paid jointly by the Provincial and Dominion Governments. The Dominion Government has maintained that because they could not pass a law on the Provinces, this question could not be finalized. B.C.'s total share of Old Age Pensions is estimated at \$300,000 per year, and in the Attorney-General's words, "that's nothing." The Province has openly voiced its willingness to share the cost. "I am going to Ottawa and I am going to discuss this matter with the Dominion Government."

Dr. Kelly recommended:

"Of the \$100,000 grant I suggest that we earmark a certain portion as assistance for students of high school and the university."

"That a Standing Committee on Indian Affairs be instituted so that questions could be simplified."

"That the Convention go on record as being unalterably opposed to the use of 'Siwash' in

## RESOLUTIONS

Among the many resolutions passed at the 19th annual convention held at Bella Coola were the following:

That better medical service be provided at Anahim Lake and Okotchu, since the resident nurse is twelve miles from Anahim Lake and sixty miles from Okotchu.

That a qualified nurse be stationed at Greenville during the winter months owing to the fact that this village is frozen in for long periods of time.

That a boarding school be built at SkidegateETA s-n ET ET TE at Ahousat to replace the one destroyed by fire.

That a junior high school be built at Skidegate Mission to enable children to receive higher education without going to Massett.

That manual traing and motor mechanics be included in the curriculum of Native day schools wherever possible.

That commercial fishing for oolichans be prohibited on the Naas River.

## Vote Explained At Pemberton

CREEKSIDE, B.C.—On Saturday, March 26th, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held on the Pemberton Indian Reserve at which time Mrs. Maisie Armytage-Moore explained to the members the meaning of the provincial vote and especially stressed that there was no change in their aboriginal rights but that they would be safeguarded and in getting the vote they were receiving a power to carry on their fight for their other rights.

In speaking for his people, Chief Paul Dick said that this was the first government which has ever lent a sympathetic ear to the Indian cause and their action will eventually give the native a chance to receive the same benefits as the

reference to Native People in B.C. or anywhere in Canada."

A telegram of thanks for his interest was sent to the Attorney-General.

The latest census of B.C. Indians shows an increase, the number of Indians in B.C. now 28,392.

Chief Scow solemnly vowed that the delegates will exercise the gains made and use them wisely.

Eight deputy registrars left the Convention to go among their people in the next few weeks to register for the coming vote.

It is believed that there are 14,000 Indian votes in B.C.

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CHIEF SCOW

## Re-elected Head Of Brotherhood

Chief William Scow of Alert Bay was again elected President of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. He will be Chief Scow's fifth successive year in office and can certainly be taken as a tribute to his wonderful handling of the affairs of the Brotherhood in the past few years.

Frank Calder was elected as Secretary; William Freeman as Treasurer and Dr. R. P. Kelly as Chairman of the legislative committee. The 12 vice-presidents, representing all sections of the province are as follows:

Robert Clifton, southern coast; Oscar Peters, lower Fraser; M. Smith, northwest coast; T. Shewish, southwest coast; William Pascal, Pemberton-Lillooet; Alton Dawson, Alert Bay.

Matthew Williams, Skidegate; Caleb Williams, Central district; Ed Bolton, Northern district (Sna); Johnson Russ, Naas district; Harold Sinclair, Northern interior; and Lazelle Charlie, Burns Lake (Babine district).

white people.

On behalf of his people he tendered a vote of thanks to Hon. Gordon S. Wismer, Attorney-General; The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, and to Mrs. A. Moore and The Native Voice for the great work done for the native people and their fight for equality.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wallace, president of the Native Sisterhood at Pemberton, thanked Mrs. Moore for fighting for the Indians and on behalf of the Sisterhood expressed a vote of confidence and true in

# Art and Crafts

## THE SEVEN DANCERS

BY AREN AKWEKS

AKWESASNE COUNSELOR ORGANIZATION  
ST. REGIS MOHAWK RESERVATION  
HOGANSBURG, N.Y.



The little chief told his warriors to dance hard. He told them to look up at the sky while they danced. The chief told them not to look back even though their parents might call for them to return.



Saying this, he took his water drum and while beating it, he sang a very powerful song, a witch song.



The boys danced and as they danced their hearts became light. Their feet also became light. They soon forgot their troubles.



Faster went the song and soon the boys began to feel themselves dance into the sky.



Their parents saw them dancing above the tree tops and called for them to return.



One little dancer looked back and he became a shooting star.



The rest of the dancers became little flickering stars in the heavens.



When the Mohawks see the Pleiades flickering and dancing during the cold winter nights, they say:



"The little warriors are dancing hard tonight."



Forever they dance over the villages of the Iroquois. When they dance directly overhead, it is time for



the Iroquois New Year Feast.



This happens during the Moon month of the New Year or February.



When a meteor falls through the sky the old people tell this story to the children.

## A Message

To my friends, the Mohawks of St. Regis —

My prediction for the years ahead is, that the Indians' contribution to world peace which means so much to all of us as to all the other great races of the world, will be that our ancient political and cultural institutions will be studied and copied as examples of democratic living.

We, the descendants of the men and women who planned these institutions, have a grave duty. We must show by our living to-day that these democratic principles are not forgotten by us. That we have the courage and generosity that they had. That we are the Hodenosaune!





## El Dorado

(Continued from last month)

As a matter of fact, three expeditions did set out. Converging from points far apart, they actually met, a coincidence so strange it would be incredible if it were not true. Historians vouch for the story.

Quesada left Santa Maria with 800 men and 1000 horses. He made his way by river, forest and swamp to the Bogotan Plateau, in the heart of what is now Colombia, South America. Here, unexpectedly, he met Federmann, who with 400 men had come from Coro, Venezuela.

They immediately fell into an argument as to land rights in this immense new country they had entered. In the midst of hot dickering, a third party appeared. Acosta says, "While the clergy and the religious were going to and fro among the camps, endeavoring to prevent a rupture, the three parties from points so different now occupying the three corners of a triangle, presented a singular spectacle.

"Those from Peru (with Benalcazar) were clad in scarlet cloth

and silk and wore costly plumes and steel helmets. Those from Santa Maria (with Quesada) had cloaks, linens and caps made by the Indians. Those from Zenezuela (with Federmann) were covered with the skins of bears, leopards, tiger and deer. Having journeyed more than 13000 leagues (about 4000 miles) through uninhabited lands, they had experienced the most cruel hardships. They arrived poor, naked, and reduced to a quarter of their original number."

A compromise was reached and the three leaders returned to Spain to seek audience with the King. Pizarro's brother Gonzalo, however, took their places in the search for El Dorado and his gold. He planned carefully, taking, in addition to a large party of Spanish adventurers and Indians, between three and five thousand pigs and llamas. They reached the Cordilleras only to experience a violent earthquake, followed by weeks of rain in deluges, which made the crossing of the wild mountain ranges almost impossible.

The animals died, food spoiled, clothes rotted. In despair they straggled back to Quito a year

later, after countless hardships in a pathless wilderness.

Zarete records their return: "The whole party, from the General to the private soldier, was almost naked . . . Their swords were without scabbards and almost destroyed with rust . . . Their legs and arms were torn and scratched by the brushwood, thorns and brakes through which they had travelled, and the whole party was so pale, worn with fatigue and gaunt with hunger, that their intimate acquaintances were hardly able to recognize them . . . On arriving in the Kingdom of Quito, where everything they stood in need of was brought to them, they knelt and kissed the ground as a mark of gratitude and joy and they returned thanks to God for their preservation from

so many dangers. Such was the eagerness for food after so long famine, that it became necessary to regulate their supply and allow them to eat but little until the stomachs became accustomed to the digestion of their food."

Fernan Perez de Quesada made the next unsuccessful try for the Gilded Chief. Philip von Hutton, however, had better luck. He gathered a band of adventurers in Ven

(Continued on Page 7)

## NEWS

From time to time we receive letters from various subscribers commenting on the lack of news from their district. As we do not have roving reporters there is only one way that we can print the news and that is for some person in each locality to make an effort and send along any items that will be of interest.

Things to remember:

- Be sure that names and addresses are properly spelled.
- Be sure that dates of meetings and future meetings are correct.
- Be as brief as possible and send in the news as soon as possible.

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# Let My People Go

By HUBERT EVANS

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"How many times do I have to tell you?" Cy Hecate demanded. "You know we want Rachel to talk only English. Now cut it out." He slammed his books on the table, strode across and took his child from Old Paul's knee. "You go to your mother." He pulled down the two-year-old's frivolous wisp of dress and gave her behind a gentle pat to start her in the direction of Miriam who was at the sewing machine at the far end of her grandfather's big living room. Old Paul, thick-shouldered, squat as a toad, cloaked his eyes with blankness. The muscles of his massive paw clenched stubbornly.

Well, it had to come. These weeks since he had been back up coast from Vancouver Normal, Cy had seen that. But Old Paul was a killer whale chief and he might have spoken less disrespectfully if the day's teaching had not been so exasperating—and mainly because elders like Old Paul, who refused to use English themselves, were so dead set to keep the kids from learning it. At now there was going to be trouble in the house. Ponderous, unyielding as a totem carving, Old Paul stared straight

in front of him. For months now he had had the shakes, and his hands, cupped by age to the curve of axe- and paddle- and canoe-pole-handle, lay palms up on the chair arms, trembling. Very slowly he reversed them, hoisted himself out of the low chair and shuffled past Cy, never looking, never speaking, and out the door.

Cy followed as far as the sewing machine. "What was he telling her this time?"

Miriam looked up with mild pleading in her brown eyes. "Oh,

it was nothing. Only our people's old story about the porcupines and the hunter. You know the one." She found his hand and fondled it in both of hers. "I used to love him to tell it when I was little. At the end he'd do the porcupines' rain dance. It made me laugh." Then softly: "Don't be cross with him. Think of it as one of our people's fairy stories. That's all it is."

"That part of it's all right. But he knows we want her to have good English. He's got English enough

—when he wants to use it." Her arms, bare almost to the shoulders, were so smooth and brown and warm. He stroked one of them as he went on: "I know one thing. We've got to find some place of our own before the little fellow comes. If we stay in his house much longer there'll be one hellish bust-up. Young couples should have a house of their own anyway—right from the first. White style."

"But grandfather's so old!"

"Now look, Miriam. You know that's not why he works on you to stay. He wants it this way because it's how our people always did it. He's like that all down the line. The native language, native food, native ways." His handsome face darkened as he chanced to see a wizened, hairy bulb dangling on a string from the door-jamb, shoulder high so that anyone passing must brush against it. "When did he put that fool thing there?"

"Why—why it's been there for days," Miriam answered reluctantly. "You just didn't happen to notice."

"I suppose he's stuffed Rachel full of that nonsense too."

"No. No. Cy. At least I don't think so."

"If ever he does—"

"Please Cy. Don't be mad," she coaxed. "Swamp-root's probably old medicine man stuff like you say, but he honestly believes it helps his 'heart-sick.' It can't hurt anybody. And you never know." He drew away his hand and started for the door. "Cy! Don't you do that!" Apprehensively she watched him snatch the charm and toss it out the door.

(Continued on Page 7)

# LOST!

**B. C.'s LUMBER MARKETS**

**B. C.'s SALMON MARKETS**

**B. C.'s APPLE MARKETS**

Yes, a high-handed Government lost our Imperial markets—a blow at the very heart of B. C.'s prosperity.

The mountain differential forces B. C. to pay through the nose—and you know only too well the raw deal this province gets from the Liberal Government in taxes.

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## Brockville Girl To Aid Polio-Stricken Eskimos

On March 29th, 1949, a pretty young physiotherapist gave up her comfortable job in the city of Toronto to aid the Eskimos stricken with polio at Chesterfield Inlet. She is the first physiotherapist ever to be sent into the Arctic Circle.



CONSTANCE BEATTIE  
Of Brockville, Ont.  
We of the Native Voice Salute You

Her eyes shining with excitement 24-year-old Constance Beattie, from Brockville explained how she had jumped at the opportunity. As president of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Physiotherapy Association, she was the first to receive a letter from the Indian Department of the Canadian Government asking for volunteers. She immediately wired back, asking that her name be put first on the list.

"It will be a thrilling adventure," she exclaimed, "and a chance to help those unfortunate Eskimos who don't have half the chance that polio victims get down here."

It was at the end of January that a mysterious plague was first re-

ported among the Eskimo settlements around Chesterfield Inlet. It was later discovered there were over 60 cases of poliomyelitis. Since then 13 have died and 13 others have been flown to Winnipeg for treatment. Extra medical aid has been sent up north.

Miss Beattie will join the 25 whites and the 250 Eskimos in the isolated Arctic village. . . She has been assured that, although the Eskimos all live in igloos, the white live in houses. She will likely stay at the seven-bed hospital which was improvised to accommodate 35 patients after the epidemic was discovered.

Since her discharge from the Army, Constance has been working with orthopaedic cases at the Toronto East General Hospital, where she is in charge of the physiotherapy department. After four months in the Arctic she plans to return here.

The farthest north Miss Beattie has ever been is Winnipeg, one of her postings during her army career. Although there are one resident doctor and several Grey Nuns in the hospital, the physiotherapy treatment of the 18 Eskimos will fall entirely on Miss Beattie.—(Taken from the Globe and Mail, Toronto, Ont.)

## Indian Child Drowns in River

DUNCAN, B.C.—Cyrus Charlie, two-and-a-half-year-old son of Simon Charlie of the Quamichan Reserve, was accidentally drowned recently when he fell off a high bank into the Cowichan River.

Indians from the reserve are said to be dragging the river from canoes under the supervision of Corporal F. E. Jeeves of the B.C. Provincial Police.

## Capilano Scouts Receive Totem

The Third Capilano Wolf Pak has the honor of being the first pack in Greater Vancouver to possess a genuine Indian Pack Totem.

This Totem was presented to the Pack by Chief Joe Mathias of Capilano in a ceremony at the Capilano Community Club, Wednesday, April 20th, and was especially made for the Pack by the Chief.

In token of the Chief's active interest in Scouting in the North Vancouver area, Area Commissioner D. J. Stephenson made him Honorary Cubmaster of the Pack. At the same ceremony Rev. H. Dickson was installed as Troop Chaplain.

After the investiture Rev. Dickson performed his first official duty in dedicating the Pack Colors, which had been presented by the Community Club. T. V. Walker, President of the Capilano Community Club, had announced the Club's sponsorship of the Scout Troop.

The Wolf Cub Pack already has a membership of over forty boys and is filling a definite need in the Capilano area. The Cubmaster is Mr. R. B. Cumming, 1735 Capilano Road, North Vancouver, and the Group Committee Chairman is Mr. Alex Watson, of 1880 Garden Avenue, North Vancouver.

## CONDOLENCES

The publisher and the staff of The Native Voice wish to extend their deepest sympathy to Mr. Frank Assu and family in the great loss they have suffered.

LADYSMITH, B.C.—It is believed that Edmund Elliott, 19, residing near Ladysmith, was accidentally drowned in Stuart Channel on the east coast of Vancouver Island.

## Natives Own Co-operative Store

Masset, B.C.—The Haida Consumers Co-op, which is now incorporated, will soon operate the own all-native-membership store.

Mr. Jack Grey, formerly of Prince Rupert, will be manager under a board of directors comprised solely of members of the Haida tribe. The Haida as a member of the Massett Consumer's Co-operative Association was governed by a joint board of directors which also supervised operation of the Delmas store at New Massett.

It is expected that arrangements for the transfer of shares from Massett to Haida, and financial will be completed shortly and Haida will then operate independently while Delmas will still operate under the Massett Consumers' Co-op.

As soon as finances will permit is the intention of the new Co-op to move into larger quarters as the present store is now too small for the volume of business handled. Amos William is secretary of the new organization.

## Comox News

Members of the Comox Band assembled for a general meeting on April 14th at which time Bob Clifton, Vice-President of the Southern Division of the Native Brotherhood gave a report on the recent Convention at Bella Coola.

His talk covered all phases of the convention, including praise for the kindness and hospitality of the Bella Coola people.

Various other matters were discussed including the granting of the franchise. This brought forth considerable discussion and was thought by everyone present as a major step forward in the progress of B.C. Indians.—N. Frank.

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. . . Day and Night

## AND JESUS SAID:

Wherefore, my beloved brethren  
Let every man be swift to hear,  
Slow to speak, slow to wrath,  
For the wrath of man  
Worketh not the righteousness of God.

James—Chap. I—Verses 19-20.

## EASTHOPE MARINE ENGINES

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## News from Alberta

# Successful Pageant

By JOHN LAURIE

At the Pageant of the Nations, recently produced by Mr. Pierre Aumonier, under the auspices of the Calgary Council of the Home and School Association, Chief Crowchild, Gordon and Victoria took prominent parts. The Pageant was designed to show that good feelings and relations can exist among the many elements which now make up the people of Canada.

As the Calgary Council have always been strong supporters of the educational aims of the I.A.A., the I.A.A. is happy that Chief Crowchild and his family, who have been members of the Home and School for some years, assisted in the pageant.

Many very complimentary remarks have been made of the excellence of the pageant and especially of the parts in which the Crowchild family appeared.

### FRIEND PASSES

It is with deep regret that we note the sudden passing of Mr. H. Downe of Calgary, April 1st. The sympathy of the I.A.A. is respectfully tendered to Mrs. Downe, Cynthia and Al Downe on this occasion.

Mr. Downe first became interested in the progress of the I.A.A. several years ago and attended one of our general meetings. In his quiet and effective way he made a great contribution towards arousing public interest in our work. He was a kindly man without a vestige of intolerance and will be sorely missed. If there were more white men like Mr. Downe, there would be less injustice and less prejudice in the world today.

### NEW SCHOOL

The new day school at Sarcee reserve is rapidly nearing completion and may be opened within a few weeks. The building, which is a splendid example of modern school architecture, has adequate classroom space and in addition provision has been made for manual and industrial arts as well. Situated near the centre of the population it should very well solve much of the problem of winter school attendance. The I.A.A. hopes that the Sarcee people will support its activities as strongly as

they campaigned for it through the I.A.A.

### MOVEMENT GAINS SUPPORT

Support for the four point program outlined in the last issue of the Native Voice is gathering momentum and additional support is coming from in from many white organizations throughout Alberta and other Provinces.

### SUPERVISION REQUIRED

Reports regarding working conditions on the Spray Lake Project would indicate that closer supervision is needed if the Indian workers are to receive adequate compensation for their efforts.

### ELDORADO

Continued from Page 4

ezuela and took a sea route as far as Barquisameto. From here he set off into the mountains.

He met an Indian on the crest of the Cordilleras, who showed him three golden apples. He said he brought them from a great city, Macatoa, the capital of a region rich in silver and gold.

This story spurred von Hutten on. He forged ahead, through the miseries of tropic rains, at one time so destitute, his party was forced to eat a mixture of maize and ants to keep alive. They found a city, according to the story told on their return, an immense centre, humming with activity. The houses

Continued on Page 11

## LET MY PEOPLE GO

(Continued from Page 5)

"That's one more reason we're getting out of here," he said grimly, coming back to her.

Miriam was disturbed. "You're funny sometimes. Honestly! All this fuss over a piece of swamp-root. I don't see why."

"I KNOW YOU DON'T," he thought. Old Paul and his kind had seen to that. Too many houses in the village like this one with old people insisting on a language which thickened the tongues of the young so that they felt awkward and strange on the steamers and when they went among whites in Vancouver or Prince Rupert; too many old customs, old superstitions, blind loyalties to the past jealously preserved to wall in and imprison his people. Well, he had come back here to end all that.

Yes, Miriam told the truth. She did not see. So few of them saw. But it was not their fault. What chance had the elders allowed them to see? A deep protective pity made him take her hands and draw her close against him. If, from the first, he had met this thing head on! But she never had been the daring kind and he had hesitated to strip away, too quickly many of the old, outworn securities. The time had not yet come when she dare walk alone.

In Vancouver, among white friends, she had fancied she had put all this behind her. But here, back in her village, in this old house, with this old man —! Even for him, who had caught the vision of his people walking upright and free in this land which had been theirs long before the first whites came, the fight had not been easy at first. At times there would rear up the hampering doubts, the clutching half-beliefs. But always he had mastered them. He always would. They could never reach him now.

The quick fervour of her arms, the intimacy of her pliant, ripened body, made him long to shield her.

The new life within her had stirred last night and there was heightened allure in the touch of her, a glowing emanation from her to him which enhanced, with a protective, wordless reverence, his desire for her which was always there. She was his and he was hers. It would take time to lead her completely out of the bondage of the past, but at any cost she and Rachel and the little fellow were going to be free.

"My Miriam," he whispered, his cheek against her smooth, black hair.

"You won't go on making trouble with grandfather, will you? Please!" Her voice was gently pleading, anxious.

"I'm sorry. I'll watch myself. I promise."

Yearningly she turned his face to hers, her eyes far-seeing yet wondrously intent. "Wun-i-ki!" she whispered.

And Cy Hecate, teacher of Kitelse Indian Day School, failed completely to notice that it was in the Kitelse tongue, not in English, that she had called him sweet-heart.

\* \* \*

Tomorrow was Old Paul's big day, and as Cy got the cross-cut from under the house and went to the beach, he passed close to the old man as he cut spreaders for the five-fathom canoe he planned to steam tomorrow. Cy halted in line with its high, arched prow and admired its lines. Some said it was as good a canoe as Old Paul had ever made, and he was famous for his canoes. It was told that one of his was in some back-east museum. This would probably be his last, for the shakes and spells of terrifying breathlessness had hampered him so sorely of late that he had told Miriam he would never make another.

Cy could feel the shrewd old eyes upon him. "I like it," he said.

Old Paul accepted this praise without comment.

Continued on Page 9

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# These Are My Flaming Arrows

LIGHT — UNDERSTANDING — TRUTH — BROTHERHOOD

By BIG WHITE OWL

Dr. Harlow Brooks, Professor of Clinical Medicine at New York University says: "The American Indian had a real system of real medicine and has given us many of our best drugs and surgical customs. The Indian medicine man did much for the early pioneers and settlers of the west. The knowledge and practice of the Indian Medicine men of colonial days compared favorably with the medical knowledge of white men of the same period. The medicine men of most tribes had to have a high reputation for honor, honesty and bravery, and among the Ojibways there were examining boards to determine a man's fitness to practice medicine."

"Cold baths and setting up exercises as preparation for the day had their following in America long before the white man came with his civilization to build ultimately his gymnasium pools and showers and to set going a phonograph and a radio giving the morning commands. Indeed, the rules for keeping fit, now agitating the dwellers in all cities, seem to have been worked out nicely by our predecessor on these shores . . . the American Indian. Advocates of the chilly plunge and of stressful bendings before breakfast may allude to his practices in support of their own particular theories, for the Indian undoubtedly flung himself into the unwarmed waters of the dawn. But the urgers of moderation in all things will discover in the athletics and calisthenics of the aboriginal American the arguments of their faith. The Indian did take cold baths. He trained his children in endurance. But the child's preparation for the icy plunge began in infancy. Bossu, who in the earlier half of the eighteenth century travelled widely among American Indians and wrote much about them reports that infants still in their mother's arms were bathed daily in cold water; and Lepage du Pratz, in his "History of Louisiana," tells us that at the age of three Indian children were taught by their mothers to swim. Early every morning in winter and summer alike, the swimming children were summoned to the pool by the old men of the tribe. He watched over them carefully, seeing that they did not stay in the water too long and that they did not over-exert themselves. Their bodies were accustomed to nakedness, inured to cold. Children ten or twelve years old began to bear burdens. The burden was small at first and was very gradually increased. The children raced also, but the races, like the swims, were watched over by

the old men and if an old man thought they were too swift or too long he stopped them."—(New York Times Magazine, 4-28-29 — "How The Indians Kept Fit.")

Dr. Clark Wissler of the Museum of Natural History, New York City, says: "Their doctors were keen to find new medicines and so continually scoured the forest for strange plants. The white held the Indian root doctors in great esteem, often calling upon them for aid, so that even now our folk medicine is rich in Indian recipes. (Indians of the United States, page 60. And further: "The medicine man taught him (white man) their formulae for the use of plants and many other beliefs respecting luck and health, thereby enriching colonial folklore. (Indians of the U.S., page 275).

William B. Newell, founder of the American Indian Museum of Southampton, New York, says: "Health habits practiced by the Iroquois have since been adopted by Europeans. People nowadays dress lightly. Boys no longer wear hats. Heavy red woollens are rarely worn and it is only ten years ago that the first woman dared to wear a pair of silk hose through a whole winter season, against the advice of physicians who stated that a woman thus exposed to the elements would die of pneumonia. Bathing has become more or less common nowadays among white people. When AMERICA was first discovered Europeans did not bathe the body because it was considered a mortal sin to make the body beautiful by cleansing it. This accounts for the numerous skin diseases brought to America by Europeans. Measles, smallpox, chickenpox and all skin diseases were non-existent in America. On the other hand the Jesuit priests in all their relations tell us that every Indian village had several

Turkish baths. Some Indian tribes had a bath cult, where it was a part of their religion to bathe and keep clean. Sunlight and bathing have become the order of the day and exposing the body to the sun and fresh air, like the Indians did, is making the modern American healthy and strong, like the Indian used to be. The Indian was not a nudest. Fresh air while sleeping was an Indian custom which 30 years ago (or so) was considered unhealthy by white people. Hiking clubs and soldiers are taught now to walk like the Indian." (Contributions of the American Indians to Modern Civilization—Newell.) He adds: "The regular syringe and enema syringe are both Indian inventions that have been adopted by the white doctors of today. He also adds that many of our so-called modern medicines such as Save the Baby Cough Remedy, balsam tar, cherry bark cough remedy are Indian medicine . . . And there is evidence to support the belief that the ancient Maya Indians of Yucatan knew how to make and use the so-called modern medicine called by the white man, "Penicillin."

Mr. Ernest Thompson, founder of the Woodcraft League of America and one of the greatest authorities on American Indian ways, says: "During the later Indian days the Army surgeons came into close contact and rivalry with the Indian and to the amazement of the whites, it frequently happened that the Indian doctor undertook and cured cases which the white doctors had pronounced hopeless. These were of all kinds, broken limbs, rheumatism, consumption, and obscure maladies. (See "Medicine Man," in Clark's "Indian Sign Language.") This led to an investigation and a report on the ways of the Medicine Man. These were shown to be their chief peculiar methods:

(1) They took the patient home, giving him camp life with the daily sun bath, and pure air night and day.

(2) They gave him periodic Turkish baths with purgatives.

(3) They gave him regular massage.

(4) They worked on his faith; they sang to him; they convinced him that great things were being done on his behalf. They did all in their power to ease his mind at ease. Besides which they had some knowledge of curative herbs and dieting. All of these have no place among our own medicine methods, yet we scoffed them when offered to us by the Indians. They had to reach from the East before we found them acceptable.

Of course there was a measure of quackery and fraud among many of the Medicine Men, but is just possible that medical humbug was not entirely confined to the doctors of the Red Race. (Book of Woodcraft, see pages 50 and 515.)

Verrill, noted explorer and historian informs us in writing of the Guaymis Indians of South America: "Even latrines are provided and in their personal habits and dress the people are far more cleanly than the average white man." (Old Civilizations of the New World, page 208.)

Continued on Page 13

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## Golden Wedding of Chief Paul Dick

In honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Chief Paul Dick of the Pemberton Indian Reserve at the lakeside, the Pemberton Indian Reserve gave a fine concert on Saturday, March 26th, 1949.

Four pretty Indian girls sang a song to the Chief on the occasion of his remarrying his wife, the ceremony having taken place previously on the 17th of March celebrating the Golden Anniversary. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Bishop Jennings at the Pemberton Reserve Catholic Church.

The bride was charmingly attired in a lovely wedding dress and carried a beautiful bouquet of flowers and was attended by pretty flower girls. The Chief was magnificent in the uniform of his rank.

After the ceremony there was a most impressive parade led by the band.

The Native Voice and their many friends wish them a long and happy life.

## LET MY PEOPLE GO

Continued from Page 7

Cy crossed the litter of cedar chips, still crisp from the hewing, walked down to tide line and started on the spruce log he had promised that morning to buck into cordwood to heat the stones for the steaming. Miriam's embrace had melted the hard core of revolt in his heart, and he felt a satisfying glow of completeness. After all, he must not be too hard on the old man. These things took time, for the roots went deep.

Working bareheaded in the slanting sunshine of the late fall afternoon, young Hecate now and then looked down the curve of village beach. Here and there other men were sawing wood in front of their houses, and when a wedge of geese flew over toward the river flats, they all looked up in unison. Somewhere at the far end of the village another canoe was in the making, and the adze blows on the hollowed cedar came drum-like across the unruffled water. An old woman, Miriam's auntie, walked stiffly up the path to her house next door, her cedar-bark basket bulged with the "lic-saw" eating roots, leaning heavily on her long digging stick.

Those months away in Vancouver, whenever they felt homesick, he and Miriam would talk of it like this. Here life kept to its slow, time-tested rhythm. No nervous haste, no shallow frenzy of attainment, no ostentation, no loneliness or bitter poverty. Here everyone was known. Within the wider, protective families of the clans were no unwanted children, and the old and feeble had honored places beside the home fires. This was his

village, these his people. Holding fast to what had value in the old, reaching for the best of what was new, life could be satisfying and full-rounded here.

Keep the best of the old, take the best of the new. This was how it had to be. Surely, in time, even Old Paul would come to understand.

As the block of spruce started to drop, he swung the long saw free and saw Rachel toddling down the path, her black, straight hair in the sunshine lustrous as a raven's wing. She teetered over the uneven footing of the chips and Old Paul, squatting on his heels, reached out to steady her, then sheltered her between his knees.

The old, old man beside his canoe and the child squirming to smile up into his face, made a disarming picture. She must have brought some childish present from the house, for Cy saw Old Paul take something from her hand. Old Paul stared at it, then spoke sharply to her in Kitelse.

Cy laid the cross-cut along the log and went over. "Please, grandfather." His voice was controlled. "Let's not have any more trouble."

Old Paul's jaw clamped, sullen as a cod's. "She found this. I know you. You threw it out my house." He turned the swamp-root in his shaking hand.

Cy swallowed hard. "I had my reasons."

Old Paul glared. "I know your reasons."

"No," Cy contradicted. "No, I don't think you do."

Under their pursed lips, Old Paul's eyes followed the flight of a gull across the water. He watched it circle and land. Then he said: "You want to make me die."

Cy reached and took the child away from him. "That's crazy talk."

"Not one man of this village tried that trick since I was a young cedar." The old voice was rasping with a great contempt. "Better you go back to white people where you belong."

The stupid accusation stung, but Cy knew he must be reasonable about this for Miriam's sake. "You think swamp-root helps your heart-sick, don't you? Well, of course, that's foolish. But tell you what. Miriam and I both think you should see a doctor. I'll pay a boat to take you out. And I'll pay for the hospital when you get there."

Old Paul straightened his arms, his legs, his back, then steadied himself before he shuffled over the chips and leaned against his canoe.

"I wish you would," Cy urged. "Miriam's worried, and so am I. How about it?"

Old Paul's face was stiff as one of the old Kitelse wooden dance masks as he shifted around the canoe's high bow and with contemptuous deliberation, picked up his hand-saw. His plane lay in the canoe and he got that too. The nostrils of his rather small, flat nose rose and fell like the gill covers of a struggling fish. "Go back to the white men, you. I know your tricks. But you will fail. You cannot make us different." He tucked the saw under his shaking arm and started slowly toward the house.

Standing very still and straight, holding his child, Cy Hecate followed the angry old man with his eyes. What could you do with people like that? What could you do? He watched Old Paul past the crippled plum tree, past his old wife's white gravestone, watched him go under the house to leave his tools then, clinging to the hand-rail, haul himself up the steps and out of sight.

Cy went back to the wood-log. He set Rachel on a sand patch, gave her a few cockle shells to play with, and started sawing furiously finding, in the harsh bite of the cross-cut, some outlet for his intolerable frustration. If only the old man would reason, if only he would be rational and argue, you might feel you had a chance. But most of these old people were like deep-bedded boulders blocking the

Continued on Page 16

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## Equality in Education For Indian Children

The Provincial Legislature has extended the franchise to the natives of British Columbia. This is significant in that they have the power to take the next step—that is, equality in educational opportunities for Indians.

It is time that Indian children were given equal education in association with the other children of the province. For too long this responsibility and burden has been in the hands of the churches. Whatever success they have had in this work has been counteracted by the fact that it has all been on the reservations—isolating the Indian children from the other children of the province and putting them in the position of second-class human beings.

The immediate future of the world is bound to be fraught with the problems and cross-purposes of power-politics and numerous minorities. Whatever trend the future holds there is no doubt that the all-over effect will be one of centralization of control and effort and the ironing out of political and cultural differences. The citizen of the future must be fitted to take his place in a much wider group, racially, politically, culturally.

The answer to this, of course, is education, a growing knowledge of the peoples of the earth and their cultures, a growing understanding of their lives, hopes and needs—a broadening of all our concepts.

To begin at home we must educate our children, regardless of race, color or religious creeds, in the same schools. There, they

should learn together to be Canadians and then as their concepts broaden to become world citizens.

Some of the faults of our present church school system are, first, that small children, taken from their families and put into residential schools, suffer from a sense of insecurity as well as lack of love which only a parent can give. Psychologists agree that these conditions create deep-seated emotional disturbances which may effect them all their lives.

Second, an education for a full life includes not only the learning of certain sets of facts but, more important, the development of abilities, skills, habits and attitudes conducive to mental health and a rounded personality. Only trained and experienced teachers are fitted to do this.

Third, the sole duty of a small child is to grow and develop all his faculties. A properly planned and taught curriculum helps but he must have time and opportunity to play, to develop initiative, a sense of freedom and a joyful personality.

Lastly, the Indian child is entitled to the same standard of education, the trained teachers, the same educational facilities, libraries, visual education, music, art,

Continued on Page 14

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## Talks Coast To Coast From Car



Herb Cook, owner of the M.V. "C.N.", from Alert Bay, in the course of transacting his ships business last week, looked up Louis H. Potvin, well-known radio-telephone authority on the Coast, and enroute from the waterfront to the city Herb enquired of Louis what all the gadgets were in the car. (Louis' car is full of gadgets) Louis pulled into the curb and parked on Denman Street in the West end of Vancouver and re-ceeded to demonstrate to Herb what the fired-up works could do.

Louis sent out "CQ, CQ, this is VE7AKC on the 28, 272Kcs Amateur Band". The receiver was tuned and contact was established with an amateur station VE31T, Toronto.

After preliminary introductions with the Toronto amateur station operator it was learned that they were speaking in person to Harry Gloster who, in the early days, had been one of the original wireless operators at ALERT BAY wireless station. From then on it was Herb's and Harry's chin-wag, recounting many big laughs of the bygone when Harry had played his banjo in the local orchestra.

Harry especially wished to be

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remembered to M. Cook, Mr. Kin Mrs. Kenmore, Mr. Wastell-sen and junior, Alex McDonald, Halliday, Mr. Milo Chambers, to many more of the "buddies".

It was a delightful coincidence and a pleasure for Mr. Herb Cook to make contact with an old Alert Bay pal—thousands of miles away—on his first mobile "hook-up".

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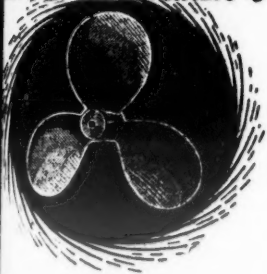
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## New Westminster May Queen-Elect



Personality plus is Miss Sharon Wright, lovely young May Queen-elect for New Westminster shown above as she chats with CKNW's Phil Baldwin on the "Roundup" shortly after it was announced Sharon had been chosen to represent the Royal City. She proved a real trouper—has been attending May Day celebrations since she was so high—never dreamed she would have this honor. Sharon is 11 years of age, and attends Lord Tweedsmuir School.

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### THE VOTE

The Editor,  
The Native Voice.

Sir,—One of the most important and far-reaching privileges of our Canadian democracy is the inherent right of every citizen who qualifies to exercise a free, secret vote.

It is with extreme satisfaction that we note the Provincial Government has extended to the Indian and Japanese people that right without depriving them of other time-honored rights due to their particular needs.

The Provincial Government is to be congratulated for having the vision and courage to listen to the voice of the people in the minority and to have justly and generously recognized their right to the franchise in spite of some unreasonable opposition or force.

Without doubt the concession will aid the Department of Indian Affairs and the Indian missionar-

### SPECIAL NOTICE

We would like to compile a Special Number of The Native Voice on all Native Canadians from British Columbia who served in World War II. Please send in photos and details, together with desired remarks, to:

Editor, Native Voice,  
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ies and teachers and officials in their great devotional work, and especially for the little Indian children and Indian youth.

We can be confident that the Indian people as a whole will do everything in their power to be worthy of this confidence and trust and will use it to improve their own spiritual and physical condition, their education and mutual organization, having in mind always the best interests of all the citizens of this great progressive Province.

Very sincerely yours,  
W. M. DUKE,  
Archbishop of Vancouver.

### ELDORADO

(Continued from Page 7)

were built close together along straight, wide streets. In the middle was a huge temple, full of massive golden idols as large as a child of four, with one like a full-grown woman in size. A horde of fifteen thousand warriors came out against their small party. They were forced to fall back.

El Dorado now increased from a man to a city. The tale spread far and wide. In England Sir Walter Raleigh raised money for an expedition. Asked what he would do if he did not find this treasure after so great an expense, he said he would raid the shipping lanes.

"But then you will be pirates!" Raleigh then made his famous reply: "Whoever heard of being pirates for millions!"

Raleigh did not find El Dorado, but he brought back to England mahogany, tobacco and the potato.

Neither El Dorado nor his city were ever found but his romantic figure excited public imagination until his name is now a part of our language, used to denote any golden treasure.

Lake Guatavita has now been drained and enough gold objects and figurines found to give substances to the story of a man and a culture that marked a great age of the Indian people.

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## A Legend of the Ojibwas

The old chief sat outside his wigwam,  
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Of the Indians' vanished greatness,  
Of the battles they had fought.  
Young braves 'round him in a circle  
Clustered thickly 'round the door,  
Listening to his words of wisdom  
As he told them tales of yore,

Told them how the War Chief Ahmeek  
On Dacotahs made red war;  
Drove them 'cross the Gitche Gumees,  
Bade them to return no more,  
Told them of Ojibwa's greatness,  
Tales of war, until at last  
Fearing they might grow too haughty,  
Told them legends of the past:

"Long, long years ago, my children,  
Spake the aged Ogemo,  
"Through the world was summer weather,  
Nowhere was there ice or snow;  
No warm wigwams then were needed,  
Bows and arrows were unknown,  
Indians did not need to hunt food,  
All around them it was grown.

"Every tree within the forest  
Had within it rich red meat,  
Cooked and ready to be eaten,  
Save the sugar maple, sweet.  
Food they had, and drink in plenty  
For the lofty maple tree,  
Filled inside with maple sugar,  
Gave forth rich brown syrup free.

"Fat the Indians grew, and lazy,  
Never hungry, never sick,  
Feasted long and told great stories,  
Lay and smoked kinekinick,  
Disavowed the Great Good Spirit,  
Mighty One who placed them there,  
Thought themselves Lords of Creation,  
Of the water, land and air.

No one knew from whence he came;  
Bade them wash his wounds and dress them  
Bade them bring him food and drink,  
Meat and sugar from the forest,  
Water from the river brink.

"Gitche Manitou will bless you,  
Said the warrior old and grim,  
'When ye help a needy stranger  
Ye are also helping Him.'  
'Kaw,' they said, and gathered 'round him,

"Think ye Gitche Manitou  
Looking down from high above us  
Knows or cares aught what we do?"

"'Kaw,' they said, 'We do not fear Him,  
We are greater yet than He;  
We have never asked his bounty  
And we never will, not we!'  
Then up rose the aged warrior,  
Tall and straight with piercing eye,  
'Ere a moon has passed, my children,  
Ye shall ask His help, or die.'

"Then he vanished from among them,  
Went as quickly as he came,  
And the doubting ones behind him  
Laughed and cursed the Spirit's name.  
Soon the laughter turned to wailing  
For the meat within each tree  
Turned to wood, and from the maple  
Naught but water trickled free.

"Loud the north wind whistled 'round them,  
Freezing them with bitter cold,  
And the snow's deep glistening mantle  
Covered o'er the forest old.  
In a cheerless hemlock shelter  
Sat the Indians, facing death,  
Peboan was stalking 'round them,  
Chilling them with icy breath.

"Remembering the aged warrior,  
Feeling still his piercing eye,  
The old chief recalled his last words:  
'Ye shall ask for help or die.'  
Long he mused upon this message,  
Then to those who 'round him lay;  
'Rise, my children.' They obeyed him;  
Then, 'Weepmajon, Let us pray.'

"Then the Indians, arms uplifted,  
Sent aloft a wailing cry:  
'Mighty One, look down upon us,  
Father, help us or we die.'  
Suddenly the hemlocks parted,  
And the Indians, glancing 'round,  
Saw once more the aged warrior  
And sank fainting to the ground.

"I am Nana Bojou, children,  
Rise, my sons, and do not flee,  
I have brought you food and fire,  
Warm thyself and follow me.'  
Then he taught them, O, my children,  
How to hunt the wild, red deer,  
How to snare Waboos, the rabbit,  
How to fish and use a spear;

"Taught them how to tap the maple,  
How to boil the thin sap down

## Touching Tribute Paid To Frank Assu by Young People

By MILDRED VALLEY THORNTON

What the Teen Town movement means to the youth of British Columbia was forcibly demonstrated last week in co-operation, respect and devotion shown at the untimely death of a young Indian man, Frank Assu of Steveston.

Two large seine boats carried family and friends of the dead youth from Vancouver 140 miles up the coast to the home of his ancestors at Cape Mudge on Quadra Island for burial.

### SEA TRANQUIL

The writer was on the ChCamis which bore the body of the popular young Mayof of Steveston's Teen Town. Forty-four people were aboard, most of them teenagers. The lifeboat was piled high with floral tributes from friends of the family and many Teen Towns on Vancouver Island and the Mainland.

In the beautiful little church at Cape Mudge (built by the Indians themselves years ago) was enacted a scene of unforgettable poignancy. Every inch of space was occupied, and in the aisle young people stood three abreast from the chancel to the door.

It was fitting that a young man, Rev. R. D. Dixon of Cumberland, should officiate on this occasion. Across the river in Campbell

Till it hardened into sugar,  
Or to syrup, rich and brown;  
Gave to them the bow and arrow,  
Taught them how to cook their food,  
Taught them how to build warm wigwams  
And make baskets out of wood.

"Then he left them, O, my children,  
They grew wise and multiplied,  
And descendants of these people  
Are the Ojibwas—our tribe.  
I have spoken," said the chieftain,  
"And my children, ere ye leave,  
Let us thank the Great Good Spirit  
For the blessings we receive."  
Gitche Weebit—"Big Tooth"  
(Wm. H. Thatcher),  
Alpena, Michigan, U.S.A.

River hospital, the aged and loved Chief of the village, William Assu, lay ill, unable to his last respects to an adopted grandson. Messages of sympathy were read from Rev. Douglas of Steveston, from the provincial government and from the Federal government.

### FLORAL TRIBUTES

When the service was over, young people, Indian and white teenagers, carried the floral tributes from the church to the cemetery nearby.

There with the stately evergreens guarding his rest and sea forever making music on shore a few rods away, they laid to rest the body of the young Frankie. But something bigger and better than any of the dreamed was taking shape in the hearts and lives.

There was no discrimination here, visible or invisible. A throng of perhaps 500 sorrowful people with differing backgrounds were simply Canadians all in the face of tragedy as they had been on Canada's battlefields the past. Here was the essence of true brotherhood, the spirit of unity, the perfect equality which so many have striven for, which has lately been recognized by the Government of this province.

Perhaps there is something of the breadth and majesty of the sea which makes for tolerance and wisdom and understanding of British Columbia and Nova Scotia are the only two provinces which have accorded the franchise to native people.

But the future is in the hands of youth, and no one who attended Frank Assu's funeral will doubt for a moment the magnitude and splendor of the days to be

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## FLAMING ARROWS

(Continued from Page 8)

gain he writes of the Chimu and their neighbors: "Not the Chimu, but many other historic races amputated limbs, bled skulls, removed eyes, performed abdominal operations, removed organs and filled, crown and bridged teeth. We know skeletons and skulls that of the most serious operations were successful. Large number of skulls have been found which have been trepanned, the of bone removed varying a very small amount less a half inch in diameter to pieces several inches square. of the skulls show the bone about the edges of the incisions." (Old Civilizations of the World, see pages 228 and

the Peruvian Indians possessed knowledge of surgery, anatomy dentistry which was far in advance of European surgical knowledge of their time." (The American Indian, by Verrill, see page 43.)

many of our most valued and able medicines and drugs are of Indian origin and were known and used by the Indians centuries before the advent of Europeans in America. Such as arnica, of gilead, pine tar, camomile, many other standard medicinal remedies accredited to our ancestors, but in reality derived by them from their Indian friends. In Panama, the Cocle makes use of many valuable efficacious remedies, such as bark of the coca shrub, and used to alleviate pain, never as a drug; aromatic and astringents mixed with balsams as salves for wounds; decoctions of bitter roots for tonics; bark of the chinchona tree for fevers; salts for purgatives, etc. American Indian, by Verrill, pages 120 and 121.)

The list of drugs we owe to the Indians would not be complete without mentioning cocaine, which derived from coca. There is a little evidence that the first local anaesthetics was made in America probably in the coca region, and that the drug was coca. The leaf of this is still chewed by the South American Indians who find that, particularly when mixed with lime, it gives them a great renewal of energy for mountain trails. The United States M.D.'s recently made some discovery about the relationship between coca and lime, were much surprised when informed that Red Men in South America already knew all about it. (Natural History Mag. "Native American Foods" by Gregory, see page No. 312.)

value also was the knowledge of medical plants held by the Indians and spread by them to the

DRUM BEATS  
ACROSS THE BORDER

The organization council of the League of Nations Pan-American Indians is happy to announce the affiliation of the Sand Band Cherokee Nation under Chief Ryers Crummal.

This band has its home near Beaver Lake, New Jersey. Their able Councilman, James Revey, acted as negotiator and we hope that all bands of the Cherokee Tribe will soon follow suit and join us in our efforts for the betterment of our people.

I understand that the Federated Eastern Indian League—one of our oldest affiliates—will hold a large Pow Wow this summer as soon as the date is set. We will advise our readers and will urge all Eastern Tribes, both Canadian and U.S., to take part, and, of course all Western Tribesmen are invited to send one Councilman if possible.

Subjects under discussion will be those of Timber, Game, Fish and Land on reservations, citizenship, the right to vote, coming legislation and other matters you will be interested in.

There will be Indian actors, dancers and plays so be sure to watch for dates so that you can visit the Eastern League Pow Wow. HOWARD LYLE LA HURREAU (CHIEF SHUP-SHE).

State Organizer for League of Nations North American Indians.

settlers. While many Indian medicines were not actually efficacious, others had healing properties. This was recognized by Dr. Benjamin Rush, "Founder of American Medicine," who conducted a lengthy study of the subject. Among these medicinal plants are boneset, wild ginger, calamus, wintergreen, prickly ash, stone root, senega, kashosh, sassafras, and many other common herbs used by our forefathers." (History of the State of New York, part 11, page 126.)

"We owe many products to the American Indian. In the hospitals the elastic tubes of the surgical instruments were made of rubber; but the greatest blessing of all was cocaine, which permitted the performance of surgical operations without pain, and this is a direct heritage from the Indians of Peru." (Smithsonian Institute Report, "What Agricultural Heritage Has Meant From the Aboriginal," by W. E. Safford.)

I Have Spoken!

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## Nanaimo and the Discovery of Coal



Chief White whose picture is reproduced here is a grandson of the Chief who discovered coal at what is now Nanaimo.

In the year 1849, Joseph McKay, a blacksmith employed by the Hudson's Bay Company, met an old Indian Chief, who came from the vicinity of what was then called Protection Island. While McKay was repairing the Indian's gun, the Chief watched him as he replenished his fire from time to time with coal. Picking up some of the lumps and examining them carefully the old Chief said that he knew where he could get plenty of that stone.

McKay told him that if he brought him some of the coal he would repair his gun for nothing and would also give him a bottle of Rum. Nothing was heard from the old Chief for months, but he

had not forgotten the whiteman's promise, and although he was very ill during the long winter months he kept thinking of that bottle of rum.

When spring appeared he filled his canoe full of coal and paddled to Victoria Harbor. McKay remembered his promise and gave him the rum and a prospecting party was outfitted and about the 1st of May they landed near where the City of Nanaimo is now located and on the 8th of May the Douglas coal seam was discovered.

This deal roughly could be compared with the sale of Alaska in point of revenues returned on the investment.

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# The Old Spinning Wheel

By MAGNUS COLVIN

Two children of two different races lay on the river bank amongst the moss, bracken fern and blossoms. Through the rifts in the tree tops and the open path of the stream they watched the clouds drifting idly by. Sierra clouds, like sheep's wool, high above the earth. Perhaps that is what it was, fresh washed sheep's wool claned and carded ready to be spun into yarn—everywhere they drifted past and more followed in seeming endless continuity. Of course, there would have to be many—there were many angels and when they started spinning, the wool would soon be used otherwise.

There was a soft whirr-whirr-whirr, not a harsh noise, but a soft whirr and a whispering of wool, whirr-whisper, whirr-whisper. The cradle swayed gently to and fro and to the child within it must have seemed an incomprehensible world. A whispering, a whirling, a softness and a swaying—it was her first understanding impression of life. It came slowly and as if looking through fleecy clouds. Misty visions flitting past. Continuity.

The spinning wheel was finished. The blonde Norseman stood back and admired his work. With wonderful patience for so great a man he had carved and cut and fitted the pieces of birch wood; the bits of steel, iron and leather with deliberate care. Now the spinning wheel was finished. It was a beautiful piece of work and embodied in it were some ideas he had seen in the south. A spindle and a foot treadle connected by a leather thong. A light balanced tread with the foot kept the wheel spinning. The deep rimmed wheel when once set in motion kept turning and

turning. The reel, connected to the wheel by an endless leather belt and turned by it, gave a soft whirling noise when in motion—a homey noise, and comforting.

The Norseman stood back and admired his handicraft. The spinning wheel was the work of a man who took a pride in his work. It was the reward of work well done. It was not the accomplishment of one mind alone—no achievement is the result of one man's thinking—it grows like a tree. First the seed, the roots sprout, the trunk grows, branches shoot forth, leaves and blossoms and fruit. The glorious tree stands out, a magnificent whole of many parts. So with the work of man. Accomplishment is the light of knowledge transmitted from soul to soul.

The wheel whirled and whirled, the woman spinned and spinned, and the baby grew and grew and finally tumbled out of the cradle and crawled over to the wheel, wonderment in her eyes. It was not long until she was able to stand up, step on the treadle and turn the wheel. There was a fascination in the turn of the wheel and in pulling out the wool, spinning it into yarn—gossamer yarn, fine as a spider's web.

## LIFE A SERIOUS MATTER

In the isles of the North Sea, life is a serious matter. A living has to be wrested from the sea and the land, work, hard work—every-one works, father, mother, sister, brother—man, woman and child; a continuous struggle for existence. In the springtime the soil which had washed off the land with the winter's rain, was carefully scraped up and carried back to the land again together with seaweed and anything that would aid the fertility of the soil. Every straw, every particle of grain was husbanded against the winter's storm. The women carried heavy burdens on their backs, at the same time knitting clothes for their families. They carried the soil from the beaches, the turf for winter's fuel from the hills, and the stones for the dikes (or fences). The houses were of stone. There were no trees, the wood was brought from Norway. The roofs of the houses were of straw thatch, tied down with ropes of straw or heather and weighted with stones to save it from blowing away with the winter's wind. In the isles of the North Sea life is a serious matter. It was under conditions such as these that Anderina first saw the

(Continued on Page 15)

## EQUALITY IN EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 13)

as the other children of the race.

Indian children are the equal of other children in intelligence and potential ability. The only difference is the amount of culture which they are exposed to.

Nobody wants to put a stamp on our children. Let them grow in freedom and individuality. But the time has passed when we nursed our differences, be they racial, religious or cultural. Teaching today emphasizes unity in diversity which is the note of modern geography.

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—LILLE d'EAS

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# Let's Have True Indian History

"Our Indian youth should not feel ashamed but proud of their past," says Aren Akweks, author of "THE SEVEN DANCERS" and many other such pamphlets. The cultural background of the Six Nations is so rich that there is easily enough material to print altogether one hundred or more pamphlets.

We are sorry to say that in the past and even in some places now our children have been taught by the folks to be ashamed of their Indian culture. We think this is wrong, yes, even sinful.

There are three reasons we are publishing these stories," says Aren Akweks, founder of Akwesasne Counsellor Organization, "the first being our children should feel a sense of security in the history

of their past; that is, being proud of their forefathers.

"Also, we want to educate white folks. We feel that other children should know of the great contributions that Indians have made and are making today.

"And the third reason is that when we have the entire series complete we will erect through the sale of these pamphlets a large monument dedicated from the Indian today to the Indian who lived before the white man came. On top of this monument we want a statue of Deganahtwa, the great cultural leader of the Iroquois. The statue is to be erected on a four-sided stone and each side will contain the three most important treaties made with the Iroquois, and the fourth side will tell of the important message of Deganahtwa.

"Such a large monument will run into money but we have faith that if we stick to it we will eventually accomplish this great thing for our people."

The following are only a few of the many wonderful legends dealing on the history, culture—"Story of the Monster Bear, the Great Dipper," the legendary story of how the constellation Ursa Major of the Great Dipper came to be (10c). "League of the Five Nations." This is the traditional story of the first successful League of Nations, the Five Nation Iroquois Confederacy League organized to

do away with war (35c). "Costume of the Iroquois Man." This booklet contains twenty-five illustrations of various parts of the Iroquois costume with explanations of material and use of the parts of the warriors dress (25c). "The Gift of the Great Spirit." This is a lesson story and tells why the Great Spirit gave the Bear Clan the knowledge of the gifts of certain plants as cures for sickness (15c).

Comment by S. H. Pell, Director, Fort Ticonderoga Museum, Ticonderoga, N.Y.: "I am intensely interested in the series of Indian pamphlets dealing with the Six Nation Iroquois Confederacy which the Akwesasne Club has already printed. We sell them in the Log House at Fort Ticonderoga and find the demand very large and a very great appreciation among discerning people. I think it is a wonderful idea to spread the true history of the Indians in this country, much of which will be lost unless you put it on record."

## COMPLIMENTS

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## SPINNING WHEEL

Continued from Page 14

light of day. While life was a serious matter in its great difficulties, yet there were compensations. Times of repose, times of laughter, and times of song. In the spring the hills were bright with blossoms, the wind was not so chill and the song birds nested, and the harsh cry of the sea bird softened. Anderina and her companions could play in the ebb. They played as they worked gathering wheelks, mussels and other shell fish; some to sell in the village and some to be used by the fishermen for bait. After the long, tiring work of the day the family gathered around

Continued in May

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## LET MY PEOPLE GO

Continued on Page 9

path. No matter from which direction you came at them, they gave you no point of attack, no hand hold.

"Different!" he thought savagely. "I'll say we're different!" But why? Why should Indians be different? There were too many whites who wanted that. Like on those Government forms the Agent sometimes mailed him to fill out. "Live Birth of an Indian," "Death of an Indian"; even his and Miriam's marriage certificate read "Marriage of Indians." Indians were people too, but it seemed as if there was some conspiracy to set his race apart from other Canadians forever.

And, in the long struggle for full citizenship, Old Paul and all he stood for were as great a handicap as any. From where he worked, Cy could see the modern school-house the Government had built. White teachers were scarce and the Government had spent hundreds of dollars helping him through Normal. But here he was, wasting precious school time teaching the Grade Ones rudimentary English they should have learned at home. And all too often, thanks to ones like Old Paul, they only mouthed the English words he managed to teach them and went on thinking in their now-useless language. Yet when he tried to correct all that, Old Paul treated him like a betrayer of his race!

For a long, long time Kite'se had had a succession of missionary nurses, yet there beyond the wild crabapple clumps stood the Dispensary cottage, empty since the

war years. And no minister in the historic mission house because the Church had none to send. For two full generations the whites had taught and ministered and nursed them. Now they must learn to help themselves. Until they did, what ground had the Indian race for its rising protest against being treated as minors, as wards of the rest of Canada?

Yet in this village, and in other villages, were boys and girls intelligent enough for leadership. But for the language barrier and their bondage to dead custom and stupid superstition which the Old Pauls imposed, these kids could go anywhere, do anything. Why shouldn't his people raise up their own teachers, nurses, doctors—yes and Indian Agents? These kids were as bright as they came—Model School had shown him that. All the Old Pauls in the world could not hold them back forever. Miriam, not fully understanding, would have him compromise with what Old Paul personified. But even for her he never would. For he knew, with passionate, rebellious certainty that these elders with their blind loyalty to a dead past, must be forced to let his people go.

Supper was ready when, carrying the saw, he led Rachel to the house. He washed her face then, leaving her playing in the living room, he went out back for gasoline to cut the spruce pitch off his hands.

He met Miriam coming from the woodshed with some sticks of dry cedar. "I'm hurrying up the potatoes," she said. "It will only take a minute."

But presently she hurried out the back door, pulling her red sweater-coat around her shoulders, and started quickly along the woods path.

Cy was surprised. "Hey! I thought supper was —" Something furtive in her manner disturbed him and he cut across to the woods path. "Hey! Hold on. What's the big idea?"

"I'll be right back," she called over her shoulder and began to run. Then hearing his feet on the path close behind, she gave up and faced him.

"What's up?" he insisted, alarmed by the evasion in her eyes. "Miriam, look at me!"

She plucked a bracken frond and twisted it nervously in her fingers. "Grandfather's not feeling well. Make fun of it if you want to but —"

The flash of fear, the haunting uncertainty in her eyes, made him speak sharply. "Don't let him scare you." So that was the trick, eh? Damn the old man anyway. Even before she was old enough to think rationally about such things, he had poisoned her mind with this evil heritage of superstition. Now, behind her husband's back he thought he could trade on it. Well,

he was not going to get away with that. "You're not getting him swamp-root. I'm telling you. Now, he's got that other — Rachel gave it to him and I'll him stuff it in his pocket."

Continued in May

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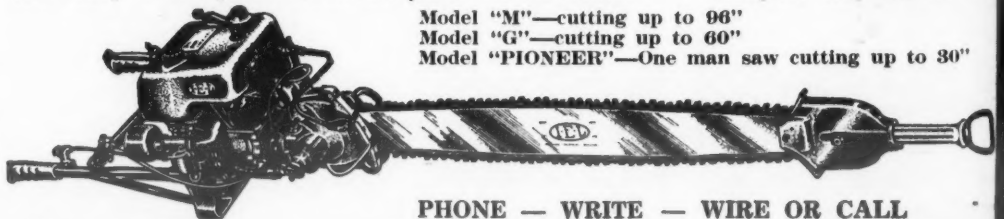
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